Volume LXX CHICAGO, OCTOBER 24, 1912 Number 8

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

DREAMING JACOB

In every human heart
A dreaming Jacob lies,
And in the dream the ladders start,
And always reach the skies.

A white-faced waif of five,
So hunger-thin and lone!
"Now what in all the world," I cried,
"Would you like best to own?"

I thought of buttered bread,
Of bun or dough-nut treat,
I thought of tarts and apple-pie,
I thought of candy sweet.

The wan eyes starred with light:
"O may I really choose?"
I bent to hear: "I want a pair
Of red morocco shoes."

Just so—the waif or we,
The dream forever true!
O bread, but, more than bread, the rose,—
"Give bread *and roses, too.*"

October 13, 1912
A Sermon-catch

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1912. NUMBER 8.

MOTHERLOVE

God in his infinite goodness
Laid a babe in my arms,—
To love, to cherish and foster,
To shelter from earthly alarms.

God in his infinite wisdom
Took back the child for his own,—
Giving it comfort and safety,
Leaving to me but a moan.

They say it is best it should be so,—
Perhaps, but I wonder much
If all the comfort of heaven
Equals that in a mother's touch!

And I doubt if all of the glories
Of that land of heavenly bliss
Can thrill the child with the rapture
It felt in its mother's kiss!

September, 1912. ALTHEA A. OGDEN.

The *New York Times* calls attention to the fact that the war in the Balkans will produce a rise in the price of perfumes, attar of roses being a special output of Bulgaria. We join with the *Congregationalist* in wishing that there were no effects of war more serious than this.

It is a hopeful sign of the times when such a man as Senator Bourne, of Oregon, who was turned down by his party at the last spring primaries because, perhaps, he stayed at Washington and attended to business—rather than desert his post to go back home and attend to his "fences,"—is to be called out as an Independent, by petition. If he is elected it will be a cheering rebuke to partisanship, if he is defeated it will be a noble warning that will be heeded farther along.

Mary Lyon, founder of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, builded better than she knew when she founded a "Female Seminary." What a splendid initiative that was, which called into being Rockford, Milwaukee-Downer, Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr and the many other notable girls' schools and women's colleges! Is her work to reach its final coronation when women's colleges are unnecessary? Will the time come when colleges and universities will be so true to the academic aspirations that there will be neither "bond nor free," pagan nor christian, male nor female, on the campus where learning is free and forceful?

The Rock River Conference of the Methodist Church, representing over four hundred churches, recently convened at Evanston, took advanced ground concerning marriage regulations. It demanded federal control in order to secure uniformity of marriage and divorce laws. It called for physical examination of contracting parties; a wider publicity of the intentions of the parties involved; a more careful inquiry into previous residence and history; a provision making wife abandonment a felony, and still logical in character, demanding stricter laws concerning the manufacture and sale of liquors, for this, too, is intimately related to domestic felicity and the permanence of the home.

On the front page of the *Inquirer,* London, of October 12, there appears an advertisement of an EISTEDDFOD to be held in Essex Hall (the Unitarian Headquarters), under the auspices of the Unitarian Church, Islington. It specializes music, elocution, literature, art, photography, needlework, cookery. In this announcement the patriotic Welshman sees one more small hint of the deathlessness of the bards, and the universal elements in poetry. This venerable bardic institution of Wales here seems to escape the trammels of the ancient language and the old festival will try to express itself in English. But alas! what a fall is here, from the "englynion" to spongecake! From the rhapsody of the harper to needlework! If the Druids dare appear in their oak-leaved draperies, there will be somebody there with a kodak to "snap" them. Is this progress or degeneracy? Let the Oxford dons answer.

We read, in our English exchange, with a degree of apprehension, of a "Boys' Own Book of Hymns and Songs," suited for boys' brigades, boys' clubs and other meetings. The appearance of such a hymn book in America would not surprise us, but we had hoped that in England there was still power in the old hymns and the folk songs of the people, to enkindle the enthusiasm of boys and girls. We have long looked with apprehension upon this disposition to organize and create a literature, even develop a poetry, on age lines. In America we have so tried to write down the music and the hymns to child levels that we have produced a lot of childish things which have little holding power. These "juvenile" creations may be partly responsible for the fact that it is so hard to link juvenile piety and loyalty, as developed in the Sunday School, and various young peoples' contrivances, into the lifelong pieties and devotions of the church and grown up moralities.

If Montenegro, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and the other countries involved, have been tyrannized over by the Turkish government; if their aspirations for progress and their capacity for self-government is cruelly interfered with by the arbitrary, reactionary, conservative and cruel rule of the Turks, while, at the same time, battleships and armies are being multiplied and sustained at immense cost by the would-be "Powers" of the world, it would seem to be a case in point. If these battleships are ever to be used except in selfish rivalry and in the graceless search for ascendancy, here is a good chance to try their efficacy. If these militant Christians and righteous Philanthropists, who still go armed *cap-a-pie* for "Christ's sake," mean what they say, let Germany, France, England and the United States, send a delegation of battleships, say, three or four ships apiece, and have them drop anchor in the Bosphorus and send a polite note to Young Turkey that they must behave themselves, let the oppressed go free, and play the game of life fair. If an army is good for anything, and battleships have any legitimate use, it is to defend the rights of the weak, and to espouse the cause of the feeble; not to beat bullies and to fatten political giants. Here is another demand for sincerity in our political creeds, and for executive action in our Christian pretences.

The Senior Editor cannot refrain from adding his word of approval of the indignant protest of his associate, John Haynes Holmes, in the accompanying editorial on "The Navy Madness." The pathos and the pity of it is that these pageants are not only successful in filling the fancy and winning the admiration of the uninstructed and unenlightened men, women and children, to whom the flag means chiefly power and military glory, but it also bewitches those in power, would-be leaders in reform, and those who ought to know that government means responsibility; and that the government that must depend upon physical force and fosters the same, is still allied to barbarism. This horrible refinement of brutality has come into existence on the recommendation of Presidents, the approval of Cabinets, and the votes of Senators and Representatives in Congress. Millions of independent voters, backed by noble women, will "swallow these battleships" without choking in order to win some lesser good and ameliorate some minor evils that are primarily rooted in the fundamental barbarisms of war, typified, engendered and perpetuated by what our colleague has well called "The Navy Madness." O friends of the higher thought, believers in the power of peace, in the adequacy of peaceful methods, when will you begin to take yourselves seriously in this matter and vote as you believe? May not we remember our antagonisms and justify our convictions through these ante-election days before such convictions and antagonisms grow imbecile and ineffective the day after election.

"The League of Religious Fellowship" is the name of an organization that sprang out of a woman impulse and initiative peculiar to these days. When the Congress of Religion, a direct child of the great Parliament of Religion, was organized in Sinai Temple in 1894, a few women withdrawing into a side room perperfected this organization under mixed inspiration; springing partly from the feeling that the women were inadequately represented in the new organization, and the feeling that women could do something more and better, if they could only "play it alone." We know not whether the secession or the annexation theory was the dominant inspiration; we know not whether in the minds of the projectors the venture has been justified; certainly if they had any luring dream of leadership and conquest, it has been chastened, if not dispelled, by these eighteen years of obscurity. Long ago the League has tried to ameliorate its femininity, in every way they have tried to lure into their fellowship and co-operation the men, with but little success. One sure thing can be put down to the credit of the women back of this organization. They have persisted and they have kept their organization intact—a fellowship more or less tangible—and have put forth a yearly program requiring the minimum of time and strength but challenging the maximum of dignity, importance and ability. The program for the current year of 1912 and 13 is now before us. True to its primal object of inclusiveness it represents "Four Studies in Comparative Religions, The Distinctive Message of Each." Of the eight speakers, six are men. The assignment of topics and speakers is interesting. The whole program is so attractive that we print it in our notes from "The Field" in another column. Printed copies of this program may be secured from the chairman, Mrs. Frank Johnson, 5817 Monroe avenue, Chicago. The program is introduced with a definition of religion that is suggestive, and one would like to know the author of the requoted headline: "Religion consists in the perception of the Infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral character of men."

The Translation of a "Newsboy"

He was not a boy but a man, whose infirmities confined him to the boys' business of selling newspapers. The giving of his limb that led to the giving of his life that another, whom he had never known, might live, was no whim or sentimental accident, but was the fruit of the smiles now remembered by a city, and there are those who say it was worth going round the block to receive one. For forty years this man plied a

boy's trade because he was denied the body to do a man's work. "I want to be of use to somebody," he said. His solicitations were that this unknown girl might live.

He asked that he might be buried from a Methodist Church because his mother belonged to that church, but the crowd would not permit the body to reach even the vestibule of a Methodist Church. So the hymns were sung, the funeral words were said in the middle of the street, the only place large enough to hold the fifteen or more thousand who came to look at the face of the dead "Newsboy;" and to shed sincere tears of love and appreciation in the presence of the dead body of this waif.

The Mayor of the city, who two years before gave the newsboy a dollar to start him in trade, headed the funeral procession, directing an occasion so large that it demanded municipal management. The auto-car of the fire department, draped in flowers, was his hearse. Women were overcome with emotion and fainted, strong men were convulsed, the mighty enginery of the Steel Works, that knows no Sunday, ceased its throbbing and joined for two hours in the Sabbath day calm and its solemnities.

"Billy" Rugh is not the profoundest revelation in this soul moving bit of history. The line of those who have willingly given their lives for others, who have faced death that they might serve, is a long one, so this story, to the student of human nature, is not so exceptional as it may seem. The profoundest revelation lies in the way the human heart responds to this simple service. Gary is a "steel city," built by a mighty combine for great commercial ends. Of all the cities in Indiana it is most peculiarly and emphatically the city of dollars, built with the millions of millionaires and to further the schemes of millionaires. But this city of thirty thousand people, last Sunday, wept in loving appreciation of its crippled "Newsboy" who gave a paralyzed leg that a slip of a girl might live, and make glad the heart of her betrothed. And the thirty thousand people who live in Gary are not alone! The story of the newsboy who "wanted to be of use to somebody" has been flashed round the world, and received the devotion of humanity last Sunday. He, of all the preachers in the nation, preached the most commanding sermon last Sunday. He witnessed to the foundation of faith and the reality of the religious hope and trust as no scholar or ordained ecclesiastic could. He was a "priest after the order of Melchizedec," a humble confessor in the church of humanity, the religion of universal brotherhood.

People begged that they might lay their coin on the casket that would build a fitting memorial for this crippled "boy." It does not yet appear what form it will take. If ever a statue is justified it is here. Let bronze perpetuate the figure. The artist may not be able to catch the heavenly smile and make it perpetual, but let him hang with truthful realism the useless limb that saved a life. But putting such a statue in the public square, though it should be there, is not adequate. A hospital ward, a public reading room, an adequate civic auditorium, a playground for children, are among other suggestions, all of them good and worthy; but the only adequate memorial for William Rugh is a community made more coherent, hearts made more tender, hands made more willing, religion made more real.

William Rugh had a partner in the newspaper business. Billy called him his "pal." He, too, was afflicted; he was a deaf-mute. He never heard Billy's voice but he lived in Billy's smile. He kept the stand agoing while Billy was in the hospital. He looked forward to prosperity when Billy's success, through his vicarious work, would enable them to build a more adequate booth and extend their business which was already growing. Billy died on the eve of an astounding prosperity in this humble business, which had grown from the mayor's dollar with which he began. He left $175 in the bank to his own account, and the Love-Fund, deposited by other hands had reached five hundred dollars and more. But this great wealth which made the cripple and the deaf-mute millionaires in their rank, brought little comfort to the "pal." The deaf-mute's heart was broken, and his, of all the faces of Gary most to be expected, was not seen at the funeral. He had disappeared and at this writing it is not known in what profounder obscurity than everlasting silence this companion heart has concealed itself.

Here is another little wicket-gate; a door, no, only a peep-hole, into the sanctities of soul, and those who look through will find the faith restored that was broken by the selfishness of the world. The argument for God and Brotherhood, for love and immortality, restored, where the texts had failed to sustain.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

The Navy Madness

Once again has the navy madness swept down upon this unfortunate city, like a visitation of the plague, and exposed the great mass of our citizenship to a contagion more disastrous than that of small-pox or yellow fever. One hundred and twenty-three vessels of war have been anchored for a week past in the Hudson River, in triple lines of imposing majesty, running all the way from Twenty-third street on the south to 171st street on the north. Here are dreadnoughts, super-dreadnoughts, battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, torpedo boat-destroyers, supply ships, colliers—all sizes and varieties of these

modern marine engines of destruction—constituting, so we are told, the largest single fleet ever gathered under the American flag, and including the two mightiest men-of-war now afloat upon the seas. Here on these ships are 28,000 men, from admiral to cabin boy, from captain to stoker—men removed from all productive and wholesome activity, and busied with artificial tasks, when not idle upon the city streets. Here are hundreds of guns capable of destroying at a single broadside an entire squadron; and shot and shell sufficient to annihilate in one great blast a whole city like New York. The mere bigness of this display would seem to be enough to catch the attention of the populace; but, with Becker trials, championship baseball games, political rallies, etc., all "on" at the same time, there has been danger that some stray individual might escape the fever of excitement which has been spread abroad. Hence the extraordinary endeavors which have been made to focus public attention upon the fleet and its men! Riverside Drive has been strung from end to end with two rows of electric lights, and marked at intervals with the names of famous naval heroes and battles of the past. The ships have been adorned with myriads of lights which glow at night in long lines of brilliancy, each vessel standing out in the surrounding blackness like some new-found constellation. Searchlights have played for hours upon the sky, summoning heedless wanderers from afar. A flotilla of small boats has borne unnumbered thousands of spectators from the shores to the ships, to marvel at their brightness and shudder at their awful power. A great parade of sailors and blue jackets successfully blocked traffic and suspended business for one entire afternoon, and received official attention from the mayor and his associates in the city government. The President arrived on the last day of the visit on his "royal yacht," and reviewed the monster fleet, amid thundering salvos of artillery. The newspapers, in spite of the press of absorbing news from all directions, have filled their columns with pictures and stories of the most elaborate character. And all, that the citizens of New York might be inveigled into throwing their reason to the winds, and becoming the abject and awe-stricken worshippers of savagery and folly! All, that they might be made, through the overwhelming grandeur of the demonstration, to forget that these ships exist for no useful purpose—that they represent millions of money for building and maintenance which could be better spent in the interest, not of barbarism, but of civilization—and that the maneuverings, and salutings, and drillings, all represent a game of meaningless mock heroics, beside which the antics of children embody sternest reality! All, that they might be so dazzled by the glow and glitter of the display that they would be blind to the fact that here is one potent reason why the cost of living is so high—one reason why the battle against disease, ignorance, poverty, civic corruption and social degradation, are languishing for lack of adequate funds—and *the* reason why "peace on earth" and "good will among men" is still a dream of prophets and idealists! All, that they might be so awed that they would not recall that this nation *endured* in peace and security a hundred years, with practically no navy upon the seas; and will not think to ask where lurk the enemies who today, unlike yesterday, would sweep us with the fire and sword of conquest, if we were not armed to the teeth!

The navy madness is not as prevalent as it was a decade ago, and hence the maintenance of the fleet not so easy a task as it used to be. Many of our ships are today out of commission from sheer lack of recruits to man them. Naval appropriation bills are meeting with hitherto unheard opposition in the popular house of Congress; and this year it was found almost impossible to secure provision for one dreadnought, to say nothing of the allotted two. The people are not so easily duped by the Mahans and the Hobsons as they were formerly, and are more often in a state of rationality on the subject of war and peace than the so-called naval experts, (which being interpreted means "fanatics"), can understand. Hence the necessity of such a display as this in New York, which debauches a city, and spreads its contagion to some degree through the length and breadth of the entire land. The game will probably work for many a year yet. The mass of men are still children, who clap their hands in joy at the beating of tom-toms and the shining beads. But the end is at least in sight. Some day we shall learn that we are paying the piper for a dance that is exhausting, and does not even have the redeeming feature of being "good fun." And when that time comes—good-by to the navies, with all their noise, glitter and tom-foolery!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

SOMETIME

Sometime the Spring will come with softer green
Than ever dared to touch the world before;
Sometime the Guest my soul has never seen
Will pass the threshold of my waiting door.

Sometime the passion of my book of song
Will face me in the eyes of Destiny;
Sometime the Question I have asked so long
Of the slow stars, will turn and answer me.

A sail, now tossing on the sea of dreams,
Sometime will rest in the broad port of waking;
Sometime the Weaver, that now idle seems,
Will show some splendid fabric of her making.

There lies a light upon the peaks of faith
That makes my heart beat faster as I climb;
And wistfully before me floats a wraith—
The Presence that will walk with me sometime.

—*Elsa Barker.*

THE PULPIT

WATER

A Sermon Delivered at the
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO
by
JENKIN LLOYD JONES
October 13, 1912

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MRS. ANNIE L. KELLY

Prayer

Blessed, O Father, are they who realize Thy law; blessed are they whose trust is in Thee; blessed are they who enter into the communion of things permanent.

Father, we come today for renewal. We fain would be refreshed at the fountains of Thy truth. We would drink out of the rivers of Thy love that flow today as they have swept through the centuries, carrying life, joy and growth to all created things.

Father, help us to rest in the primal verities of life, to trust in the eternal laws that ever surround us, to feel that we are part and parcel of that holy economy that utilizes all things and wastes nothing.

Father, help us this day to realize that the water of life springeth up ever into everlasting life, that there are never-failing wells sunk deep into these human souls of ours that, however adulterated, however discolored by waywardness and awkwardness, still the cleansing, redeeming, ennobling water abides eternal, in and for, Thy children.

Make us more humble, more obedient to Thy guiding; and, above all, give us vision to see the sanctities of all life; faith that we may trust the inspirations that lead we know not where; to believe in the guidance that is wiser, and wider, and deeper, than the thought of man.

We, Thy little children, pray, Father, for vision this morning, that out of vision may come the courage to do and the patience to bear whatever Thou dost ask of us. Amen.

"Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."—John iv:13, 14.

The Bible is full of water; rivers, fountains and wells are found everywhere, such as might be expected from a people who were on the margin of a parched land, who knew historically and from personal experience the pain of thirst. Job speaks of him "who giveth rain and withholdeth not water." The Psalms compare "a good man with a tree planted by the rivers of water." Proverbs speak of "wisdom as deep waters," or "cold water to a thirsty soul;" and Jesus, in the story which I have just read to you, and in which I find my text, speaks of "a well of water springing up into everlasting life," and commends it to the Samaritan woman who came hither to draw from the well for her elders. Literature, outside the Bible, is also filled with streams, the "fretting water" makes cheerful the pages of Shakespeare; we know how the heart of Wordsworth responded to the flow of the Yarrow. Cowper sings of the "Ouze," and Tennyson sings of "The brook that ever runs."

It is hard to draw the line between water material and water spiritual. Fortunately, in this presence it is not necessary, for Nature hymns for us the measures of religion and sings for us the psalms of life.

Water in its physical aspect is charming, baffling and inspiring. I never know whether to put it among the books of science or the books of poetry—Tyndall's classic on "The Forms of Water." I never know whether to label it as a study of Nature, or a direct contribution to the inspirations and experiences of Human Nature. The very air we breathe, of which I am to speak later, is full of water. The books tell us that the annual dewfall of England would cover the whole island with five inches of water in a year. Science tells us that we may squeeze a pint and a half of water out of a cubic foot of dry granite: it also tells us that a piece of chalk can hold a bulk of water one-half its size without showing moisture. Building sandstone is said to contain four pints of water to every cubic foot.

Water is the cradle of all life. Biologically speaking, all life springs out of the watery ooze. If we could but realize it and understand it, the fauna of the sea would rival in charm, beauty and poetry the animals of the dry land that are the descendants of the animals of the sea. Water is absolutely necessary to life. Everything not only begins in the Ooze, but everything continues to be directly dependent upon water; the water, that is the real proteus of Nature, the many-handed, the many-sided, the ever-vanishing, the ever-reappearing mystery of life. Now it is in the form of invisible steam in the cylinder, again it is the bewitching mists on the hills; now the ominous or benignant cloud as our mood may dictate, again it is the ice that accumulates into the threatening berg that roams the seas, and tempts the mountain climber in great ice rivers; and anon it bewitches us in the charmed fall of the spotless snow. Cataracts, rivers, glaciers, dew, rain, snow, ice, all are forms of water.

Water is the great architect. The old books of geology used to go in quest of evidences of volcanic disturbances to account for the variety of landscape. Convulsions and spasms were supposed to have shaped the face of this old Mother Earth of ours. The new geology finds an adequate explanation for the great majority of the physical features in the diligent work of the persistent streams. The great valley has been chiseled out of the rock by the little brook; and again it is fertilized and made rich by the deposits of the same brook. It is not the earthquake, but the silent dew, the continuous rain, that is constantly changing the face of the earth, tearing down here and depositing there, making fertile the valleys, and cutting down the mountains that eventually must surrender to the irresistible chiseling water. Geology talks about an azoic or lifeless age. However that may have been in past history, the biologist can now hardly find an azoic spot on this globe. There is animal life in the boiling springs and the torrid waters of the tropics, and there is life among the perpetual snows of the

Arctic region. There is life in the most relentless and unyielding rock, and life more abundant whichever way we turn.

We cannot speak of the experiences of the spirit except in the phrases of Nature. The unseen must ever fall back on symbols, must ever trust to "figures of speech," and so, the water that we see, and feel, and know and live upon, suggests to us as it did to Jesus beside the Well of Jacob, that unseen refreshment of the spirit which we call the truest inspiration of life, upon which all life depends. There is a water of life which we may not understand, but which we all apprehend; we cannot analyze it, but we may all feel it. We talk about the torrents of passion, the dews of comfort and consolation. We find this water of life now frozen into dogma, unavailable to human needs, accumulated into veritable icebergs of historic creeds; icebergs that menace the seafarer on the great ocean of life. Men are found writhing under the tyranny of the glacier weights of bigotry; and tyranny of thought is of many forms.

The water of the spirit takes on as many forms as the water of the brook. How different in form, how essentially the same in essence, for water is always water and only water. One fixed formula always represents it H^2O. That is the whole story of water wherever found.

Water may carry in its bosom many adulterations. We talk of the varying qualities, the healing powers of different springs, the Baden-Baden, Kissingen, Bethesda, Vichy or what not, but the variations are always variations of adulteration. Running streams gossip of the lands through which they have traveled. They are autobiographical; their waters are charged with one kind and again with another kind of sediment, but the water remains ever the same unchangeable, fixed, beautiful and refreshing thing. We talk about mineral waters; all waters are mineral. We ask for "pure water." Alas for us, if we depended on pure water. Fortunately pure water is not within our reach. The sun, the source of life of which I spoke last Sunday, is the great distiller that can produce for us pure water. In its distillations the evaporations leave behind their mineral deposit; but before the rain returns to earth again, it is charged anew with the gases of the air. Pure water, distilled water, is too dangerous for us to handle; it is subject to explosions; it is so avaricious that if we drank it, it would prey upon our vitals, and only as it is charged with innocent and helpful sediment, foreign substances, can we safely drink it. Did we pass pure distilled water through our pipes and faucets, it would load itself with solutions of the lead and brass and iron through which it passed. And so, we are compelled to say that water is the same everywhere and always; in its varying forms it is ever the same in essence.

Lowell sang of this varied form but unity of essence when he wrote:

> "As into these vessels the water I pour,
> There shall one hold less, another more,
> And the water unchanged, in every case,
> Shall put on the figure of a vase:
> Oh thou, who wouldst unity make through strife,
> Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life."

The first lesson then that comes to us, perhaps, is the universality of the water of the spirit. However changed in form, however varying in flavor—pure water should have no flavor—it is ever water, the same water that Jesus offered to the woman at the well; but this water has necessarily come to us through the Greek and Roman pipes, and German, English, American or other conduits. It is laden with the local experiences, the aspirations, the ignorances and the vices of the centuries, but in all its forms it is ever holy water that carries refreshment and truth.

Catch the snowflakes on your mantle, and if you study them carefully, you will find that no two flakes are alike, and yet all flakes (every snowflake that falls from the clouds to the earth) is a six-rayed star. Snow always and forever arranges itself on the primal plan of a six-rayed star. The variations and combinations add but greater mystery and beauty to the primal condition of crystallization. May it not be so, indeed, is it not true, that all the varying forms of religious expression and experience that have vivified themselves and comforted the human heart, are somehow crystallized on the primary six-rayed form with the charm of variety? We need to realize this, we Protestants of the Protestants, we who are so timid and nervous in the presence of those who differ from us.

Just now there seems to be a spasm of anxiety passing over the whole United States, lest some morning we may wake up and find ourselves hopelessly in the toils of the Roman Catholic Church. Ample statistics are offered to show how the representatives of Rome, in the religious world of the United States, outnumber with increasing figures all other forms of faith. Now if there are fundamental antagonisms, if there are no primal tides of the spirit that raise the aspirations of the soul into fixed starlike types, then there is ground for apprehension.

This is a matter for illustration and not for analysis. The sermon of Water must ever deal in symbols and not in arguments. The experiences of the heart cannot be proven. All the great fundamentals of life rest in statement and not in argument.

Last summer some of us sat upon the porch of a house upon which, when the rain falls, the drops on one side of the ridgepole race down the hillside, promptly find the Wisconsin River and pass southward to its mouth at Prairie du Chien, then down the Mississippi; pass Galena, Quincy, St. Louis, Memphis, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, to the great gulf ever a part of the great ocean. The drops on the other side of

the ridgepole of that house under the roof of which we sat, parted company, passed down into the Fox River of Wisconsin, only a few rods away, and hurried off northwestward, finding the larger water of Green Bay, connecting with Lake Michigan out through the Straits, then up the St. Lawrence, to find their ocean home away on the eastern coast of our country. Now these drops, born out of the same cloud-womb, traveling down for the benefaction and benediction of life on earth, were parted at that ridgepole, there separated to travel remote distances but find their common home at last in the ocean that would again separate those drops from the accumulations of the long and weary journey, and give them back to the air once more, pure water, unadulterated, to travel again the mystic, the beautiful, the marvelous round.

Two boys in the beginning of the last century, in the years 1805 and 1801, I believe, were born into the same English home, they inherited the same wise parentage, they were subjected to the same holy influences. Both of them were endowed with genius of a high order, both of them followed the career which belongs to the well born, and the well endowed, and the favored, of England—both went to Oxford, both won great honors at Oxford—both enlisted the sympathies of a great company of admirers. But one of those boys, following the lead of the Spirit, found himself traveling a road which finally landed him in the Church of Rome, which was wise enough to make a Cardinal of him. The other brother, traveling the same high road of thought and experience, took the Fox River route instead of the Wisconsin, which landed him at last in the camp of the independent, solitary thinkers, those who in this presence are called liberal thinkers. He passed through the Unitarian gate and beyond, and became an interpreter of pure theism of the undogmatic and uncredal religion. Now, who will dare say that Francis William and John Henry Newman were not brothers in the spirit all the way through; illumined, refreshed by the same water all the way through; although one landed under the shelter of Rome and the other climbed the lonely, rare heights of individualism. One, trusted to the message inherited from the inspiration of the past, and he came at last to the decisive question, "What readest Thou? What does the Bible say?" The other, traveled farther and farther away from text, and creed, and tradition, and his final test was, "What thinkest Thou?" Or still more fundamental, "What feelest thou in the depths of thine own soul?"

We need this water lesson, the lesson of tolerance in these ante-election days, when it is so hard for us to hold the poise which the intellect insists upon; so hard for us to drink from the fountain that gives life, and guidance, and inspiration, to those who differ from us, and to wander into such bypaths and remote corners.

Last week some of us were privileged to see enacted at the Olympic Theatre the play of "The Man Higher Up." It is a lesson in current politics, a revelation in current municipal life and government. It would be beautiful were it not so painful, but the ultimate and bottom lesson as it stays with me this moment, is, that there is something in the stream of life that purifies itself, even as the river purifies itself, and though politics should begin down below in greed and gross selfishness, the very exercise of it at last makes the soul sick of these things, and through triumph if not through defeat, the politician is compelled at last to recognize that something, which Matthew Arnold calls "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness," which the old Jewish prophet called the Great Jehovah, the Great I am,—and which we may call history, life, whatever we may,—but always it is that which at last eliminates the poison and concentrates our attention upon things higher up, something beyond our selfish ends. In that play we find the old Senator who had passed through all the triumphs that may come to the politician, had come at last to where many a Senator of the United States had come before him—he had his victories with the "machine," he knew the power of the "boss" and had wielded it, and still in his trembling old hands he held the lines, perhaps overestimated his power of driving things in the way he would like to have them go; but in his weakness, if not in his strength, he told the younger men who were playing practical politics about him, that there was a "stream of tendency," an "influence"—a something which the old Senator in his humility did not try to state—that would eventually vindicate the right and establish the law of justice. And the "man higher up," he who had passed through all the stages that represent the rise of a man who springs out of ignorance and low and gross surroundings, and becomes a manipulator of the herd, discovered these same subtle forces within. This man had suppressed all the normal and healthy ambitions of his soul in order to win. He had formulated the philosophy of power. He had said to himself, "Power is what I want, power is the only adequate inspiration of life," but at last his very triumphs brought him to a sense that these adulterations did not give life, that it is the water that gives life. It is not the flavor of your mineral springs that gives health, but it is the refreshing water itself.

Cistern water is good, if you cannot do any better, but spring water is more to be desired. The old adage of the uneducated is being verified by the scientist, "running water purifies itself." Here we turn the debris, the filth, the sewage of this great city, into the Chicago River, and the citizens down stream, particularly of the next great big city, St. Louis, tried to

save themselves from the pollution to the water caused by its more successful rival. Chicago was haled into court for polluting the water of the Mississippi. Then the man of science came in, and by the impartial and unemotional revelations of the microscope and the laboratory, showed the court that long, long, before the soiled water of the Chicago River reached the city of St. Louis, it had become innocent, the poison had been eliminated; it was good drinking water by the time it got down there.

Something like this happens, does it not, friends, in the stream of history? The great rivers of thought and feeling become charged, over-charged with foolishness and selfishness—give them time, let them run down through the valleys of human nature, human life—and they clear themselves, the waters become sweet, pure and innocent.

The old artists used to try to picture the Prophet of Nazareth in His greatest miracles, to show him in the more spectacular triumphs over nature; they tried to picture Him walking *on* the sea of Galilee. They did their best, and perhaps they succeeded artistically, but such pictures fail to appeal to the human heart today. A more modern artist—the lamented Verestchagin—some of you will remember that marvelous little canvas that showed the lonely Prophet of Nazareth sitting upon a rock and looking out upon the blue waters of Galilee, Jesus not *on* the sea, but *by* the sea; not *defying* the law of gravitation, but *enjoying* it; not shocking the established experiences of men, but justifying them in His own solitude, in His own loneliness, in the beauty of the great out-of-doors. He was there, reading a page of the Bible of God, brooding over the meaning of a text in the Scripture of Nature, yielding himself to the ministrations of the water that springeth up into everlasting life; not through a hole drilled in a rock by Father Jacob, but coming up from the greater depths of Jewish inheritance. Coursing through His own heart stream that was purified in the heart of Mother Mary, and transmitted through the honest handicraft of Father Joseph.

Have we found a sermon in this fundamental thing in Nature? That which is the cradle of all life, that which is the architect of the earth's surface, that which is the indispensable attendant upon all life, that which is ever present, that which is forever changing from purity to adulteration but never spoiling; that which gladly yields itself to the needs of the human, and lends itself to the skill of the enlightened and the diligent.

Can we not transfer our hydraulics from the realm of science into the realm of religion? Can we not read with profit the report of our Irrigation Commission for Sunday uses? What about the report of the Water Committee that is submitted annually to our common council, calling attention to the defects and the successes of our water works? Surely when it comes to our table, it does not look very much like a page from a Gospel book. We would not think of putting it side by side on the center table with our Bible, gilt-edged and leather bound. But my word for it, you might well put it there, and probably you would get more gospel out of it than you do by a conventional, unillumined reading of Paul or Isaiah, for they only slake their thirst who drink the water of life, who live in close communion with the everlasting, ever-changing, ever-beautiful realities of Nature.

I hope that by the time we are through with these four commonplaces, of light, water, dust and air, things so familiar that we forget and sometimes fear them, we will have found our way to the heart of the everlasting Gospel of Love, we will have found some fresher and maybe more imperative interpretations of the inexorable demands of justice, the divine claims of love.

Light, Water, Dirt, Air, four great evangelists of universal religion, the prophets that in these later days are come to interpret the voices of the grand old prophets of Jewry. In some far, but searching, way, the gospel of the well, the message of the snowflake, the meaning of the river, the achievement of the streams, all play into the loving message of the loving disciple, the bosom friend, the dear Saint John of our bible.

Let us ponder upon the lesson of the dewdrop. Seek the message of the stream. Heed the warning that comes to us from the Portage parable, where the dewdrops, born out of the same mother power, parted company on the ridge of a house, traveled to the remote reaches of the earth but met again. Not all of them—there is one other thought more before we part. All the drops that fell on that house in Portage did not make the journey by either the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi River; some of them stopped by the way. I do not know on which side of the house the drops originally fell, but some of them stopped on the road to refresh some boy's water melon patch, and we ate the water melon on the porch of that house. That refreshing and the strength that filled us were sun-born; they, too, descended from the clouds; they, too, came to us by way of a portage.

Well, work this out for yourselves, for my time is up. Go find the gospel that comes to us in the report of the Irrigation Committee! Let us heed the message that comes to us from the health department, and when the word goes out from the City Hall "Boil your water," let us do it to the glory of God as well as to the safety of your babies.

As I said of light, we cannot interpret the message

of water until we reach its human accent, its spiritual articulation. The well of water that springeth into everlasting life, is life to the spirit that thirsts for it, to the heart that is prepared for it, and to the hand that is ready to draw it.

We thank Thee, Father, for Thy springs of healing water. Help us to drink deeply of that water of life, which will cheer, sweeten, strengthen, purify us forever more. Amen.

The Meadville Letter

The Meadville Theological School began another year on Thursday, September 26, with the reception of new students. The total enrollment is twenty-three with two additional non-resident graduates who are studying on fellowships in the University of Berlin. The new members, as in recent years, reflect the changes in American population. A Finnlander comes to prepare for service among his countrymen in America, and a Japanese from the Pacific coast is drawn to us for a similar purpose. It is a satisfaction that our school can thus assist in building the newer elements of our population into the fraternity of a new America. The school welcomes also Mr. Rao, the new incumbent of the Brahmo-Somaj scholarship, who will bring us the wisdom and spirituality of India, and after fellowship of life and study with us, carry our sympathy and friendship to his countrymen.

The formal public opening of the school year was marked by a social reunion on Friday evening in Hunnewell Hall, the social pleasure being preceded by an address from Professor F. C. Doan on the "Religion of Democracy." Dr. Doan's presentation of the change in theological conception necessitated by, and for, the dawning social transformation, will be printed in the School Bulletin.

The vacancy still existing in the Department of Sociology since the death of Professor Nicholas Paine Gilman, will be partially supplied by a series of lectures in the first half-year by Professor Lucius Bristol, of Tufts College. Professor Bristol will also continue his instruction duirng the Christmas holidays, when he will accompany and direct a class in the examination of social conditions and remedial agencies, in Pittsburgh. During the second half-year, the vacancy will again be supplied, in part, by instruction from Professor Edwin Starbuck, of the University of Iowa, who will lecture on Religious Education and on the Psychology of Religion.

Following the highly successful experiment of 1911, the Ballou lectures on Practical Sociology will be brought together in one week, opening February 3, 1913. During this Convocation Week the regular instruction will be suspended, and the churches of the community are expected to co-operate as they did so generously two years ago. A group of eminent men will come to discuss with us the vital questions of modern social need, and furnish us with spiritual resources for their solution. Friends of the school everywhere are invited to come to Meadville for this notable week of conference. The program of these lectures will be published at a later time.

F. A. C.

Dr. C. W. Wendte on Universal Religion

Dr. Wendte in his reply to Dr. Isidor Singer's Questionaire makes the following weighty remarks on universal religion which deserve more than a passing attention from all liberal religionists:

The notion, so popular a few decades since, that a new and world religion might be constructed by a few enlightened minds through a process of eclecticism, or by a syncretic system which should embody the best and most assured convictions of religious reality, finds but few advocates in our day. Its latest proclamation is from the mouth of that deeply religious and lovable apostle of Monotheism, Abdul Baha. But does any well-balanced scholar believe that there is any likelihood of the large acceptance of his teachings? To invent or frame a religion is one thing, to secure its acceptance, especially in all its purity, is another and more difficult matter. Said the eminent Jewish thinker, Mr. Theodore Reinach, in a recent address before the School of Social Science in Paris,—one of a series of conferences held to prepare the enlightened public for the session in that city in the summer of 1913 of the World Congress of Religious Progress,—"Liberalism in Religion is not necessarily Syncretism. For my part I am not with those who at the present day pursue the chimera of a unique and universal religion englobing and replacing all the existing confessions. I hold that universal religion,—of which I invoke the coming with all my strength,—should superimpose and not substitute itself for the particular existing religions. As in the case of languages, countries, and national forms of art and costume, if it wishes to continue to sustain itself upon those great moral forces, the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, which so appeal to the imagination and the sentiments, it should not hasten too much to destroy the diverse forms which religion has assumed according to the climate, the civilization, the historical or esthetic traditions of the different fractions of humanity. But let us take note that these differences concern principally the rites and dogmas; that is to say, the outward garb of religious thought, and the codification of the unknowable. They do not affect religion in its essence, in its higher intimacies, in its durability and fecundity, in its recognition in the realm of Truth, of the collective impulse of the soul towards the Infinite; and, in the realm of the good, of man's collective aspiration towards the absolute."—*The Indian Messenger.*

A CREED

This then, O God! is all my creed:
In the beginning there was still
What there is now, no less, no more;
And at the end of all there will
Be just as much. There is no score
Of final judgment. Wonder's tale
Will never, never all be told.
There will be none without the pale,
No saint elect within the fold.

If then this mighty magic world
Has always been, will ever be,
There must be laws within it curled
That spin it thro' eternity.
I see two equal laws obey
One sovran, never-captured Law—
For all this world would melt away
If Heart of Mystery we saw.

And first of these twin equal laws
Is that dynamic force which flows
In life—of every birth the cause—
Replumes the tree, and swells the rose;
Inflames and clouds the violet Spring,
Inhabits all the mighty flood,
The breezes' lightest whispering,
The every impulse of our blood.

That spirit force which cannot tire
Of franchisement, and keeps no troth;
Nor ever rests from building spire
And painting colors on the moth.

A quenchless flame that licks all air,
And lights and drives the wandering star,
That dyes with gold the maiden's hair,
And rives with frost the granite spar.

The second equal law is this:
Implicit deep in all increase
And stir of living things, there is
A nothingness, a fate of peace,
A night, a death, an ebbing down,
A fading out of life. The bush
That burgeons, dons a funeral gown;
And every tune contains its hush.

All forms upswelling have within
Their hearts a static decadence;
In utter stillness does the thin
Reverberation lose its sense;
To ash the spark of spirit dies,
Each revolution of each sphere,
Each swoop of every bird that flies
To its own silly death draws near.

And there's between these laws the leap,
And drive, and stir of endless war;
The sway from rage of lust to sleep,
And all the cosmic whims that mar
Perfection. From this strife is born
All variance of shape and flight—
As clouds of mountain sunset torn
From slumber-gray by flare of light.

Yet these two laws, so fixed apart
As day and night, are brought to fold
Within that one and Sovran Heart
Whose secret never shall be told,
Yet shall thro' time, and thro' all space
With mystery pervade the world,
And make it holier than face
Of dawn that sun and mist have pearled.

That Sovran Heart is Harmony!
Its eyes unseen, its ways unknown.
'Tis utter Justice; boundless Sea
Of Unity; and Secret Throne
Of Love; a spirit Meeting Place
Of vital dust and mortal breath,
That needs no point of time or space
To bind together Life and Death.

'Tis thus, O God! I see the Vast—
Self-fashioned, and Self-wonderful—
A jewel infinite, so fast
With secret light, can never dull;
It is all Space, so cannot fall,
It is all Motion, may not move,
It is of Time the very all,
And has within itself all Love.

And that brief gathering of dust
And breath—myself—doth bear this All
Resemblance, both of outer crust
And inner fire, perpetual.
I, too, a battlefield of laws,
Am rhymed with Harmony Divine—
That knows, alone, the utter cause
Of me; and can the end define.

—*John Galsworthy.*

Votes for Women a Spiritual Necessity

The spiritual significance of the Woman Suffrage movement is that the feminine principle in the Universal is seeking opportunity for expression on the political plane. This could only be expected at the present advanced state of civilization. Just as earlier and grosser forms of creation prepared the atmosphere and earth to support the finer forms, so the masculine powers had to have full play to make the world ready for the feminine powers to do their part.

If we would cease labeling characteristics as masculine and feminine according as they appear in male or female, it would clear the mental atmosphere. Masculine and feminine are states of consciousness externalized. Some women have that state of consciousness which makes them far more masculine than are many men. All men today, are far more feminine than were men, or even women, of earlier times. A great teacher has said that the progress of civilization is the womanizing of brave men. It would have been nearer the truth to have said it is the humanizing of brave men and good women. There is such a thing as being oversexed; emphasizing too much the physical, and holding the intellect and the spirit in bonds to sex. In so far as this is done are men and women less than human.

The mission of woman is to help man find and develop the woman in himself. This is crudely set forth in the common saying, "Dux femina facti"; and more spiritually in Goethe's, "The Eternal Womanly leads us on." Woman is to be the guide, teacher, spiritual leader, and inspirer of man. So far as she falls short of this, either through her own indifference or unwillingness, or because of the restrictions men place around her which thwart and distort her nature, is she unwomanly and out of her sphere.

Men in the development of the material side of life have crushed and ignored the spiritual side. They have crucified their own feminine nature esoterically; and in the legal and political disabilities they have piled upon woman, they have crucified it exoterically. They must learn that every repression placed upon women is a repression and deadening of the man's true self. The partial salvation and development man has attained, so far, have come because individually, woman has been the object of his most ardent desire; and collectively, she has been the embodiment of his highest ideals. It is spirit answering to spirit. Therefore let none fear to give the fullest freedom to woman. Woman's uprising is obedince to God, answering to the voice that says, "Him only shalt thou serve."

The demand for the ballot is not the whole of the woman movement but it is the orderly marshalling of the forces of progress, laying home upon each awakened woman's soul her responsibility to be and do her best for the good of the whole.

It is not women that are to rule over man; it is not woman as we now know her who is to demonstrate the supremacy of the feminine, it is the higher self of the human that is to dominate the lower. In the words of Olive Schreiner, "Then only shall mankind know peace. For the phase of the feminine consciousness is to bring in the full completion of the divine gifts."

Since the political enfranchisement of women means the spiritual uplift of the race, all who believe in the power of thought and the efficacy of the prayer of faith, should individually and collectively concentrate their effort upon success in the five states where the vote is to be taken on November 5—Oregon, Kansas, Wisconsin, Michigan and Arizona—that what has already been established in the Divine Idea may be brought into manifestation on the political plane by the good will of men.

Clara Bewick Colby.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NOTES

We are sometimes best able to see ourselves through a mirror held up by a foreign hand. We fancy it will not be difficult to find the reflection "true to nature" in this editorial note from the *Indian Messenger,* Calcutta:

"Not to worship at the same temple with the Mahars argues lack of genuine religion among the high caste Hindus, yet they will provide the Mahars with some religion. As there is the Negro Car in America, so there will be a Mahar temple at Bombay. At a public meeting of the Hindus under the presidency of Sir Bhalchandra Krishna, it was decided that the Mahars should be given the benefit of a separate temple. Subscriptions have been invited with a view to it. The Mahars, though very poor, have collected Rs. 700 from amongst themselves in aid of the fund. The Hindu is nothing if he is not contradicting himself at every turn, now worshiping the pariah *saint,* now providing a separate temple for the *pariah.*

* * *

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, will resign in 1915 and devote his time to international peace. Announcement to this effect was made at the celebration of the twenty-first birthday of the university.—*The Advance.*

* * *

Sir Hiram Maxim expresses the opinion that the man who ever suggests a war between Great Britain and the United States ought to be shot. This is war against war.

* * *

A young farmer in Wisconsin was so interested in astronomy that he built a telescope himself. He ground the lenses himself and turned out a really serviceable instrument. Not so very far from where this boy lives is the greatest telescope in the world, but every once in a while this country lad, with his crude, home-made telescope, discovers a comet before his neighboring astronomers do. Comets are usually named for the man who discovers them, and so young John Mellish has a number of comets to his credit in the records of astronomy.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

EQUAL SUFFRAGE IN ALABAMA.

A State Equal Suffrage Association was recently organized in Alabama, the outgrowth of a local suffrage club in Birmingham. The "call" sent to the women of the state contained, among other things, these words:

"It is by this step alone that women may give their untrammeled help as citizens in bettering conditions in our state and municipal government.

* * * * * *

"The living conditions of every county in Alabama, every city, town and village, are now controlled by politics. Old times exist no more. Today is here. The life of every working woman and child is controlled by the ballot. The food supply of every community, water, milk and meat inspection, all housekeeping conditions and school affairs, highways, lighting, drainage and sewerage systems—all are controlled by politics.

* * * * * *

"All over the world the cause of the enfranchisement of women is spreading, far and near, from the remote provinces of Asia, throughout Europe and over America, until now at last it is stirring at the heart of the Southern states.

"It is coming like sunrise over Alabama—a great light, sound, and sweet, and wholesome, born of the desire of women for a chance to help in the world's work—for a chance to have and to deserve the rights and respect of souls."

In line with the above it may be pertinent to report the reply of the senators and representatives from the Equal Suffrage states to a question put to each of them by Dr. Lyman Beecher Stowe, as quoted in the *Woman's Journal*:

"First. That it had greatly improved the administration of the schools, the institutions for the care of unfortunates of all descriptions, and the parks. In other words, they all agreed that it had greatly improved the departments of government which might be called 'community housekeeping.'

"Second. They all agreed that it had prevented even the nomination of men of personally disreputable character, known as yellow dogs, because the women voters were sure to scratch them on the ticket; in other words, they did not show the masculine loyalty to the straight ticket. What they were interested in was straight candidates.

"Third. That it had produced none of the ill effects predicted by the anti-suffragists."

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And Dr. Stowe adds:

"Aside from the testimony of these members of Congress, I have been led to believe in woman suffrage by my observation of the results of girl suffrage, in my work in connection with Junior Republics, and schools and institutions where boys and girls enjoy the privilege of self-government."

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American Review of Reviews: New York.

This is a rare and wonderful book that is chiefly concerned with the science of the soul. In the Vedanta you will find the seeds of all known philosophical systems. *Emerson's lofty thought was merely the philosophy of Braham filtered through a marvelous Western Mind.*

Boston Transcript: Massachusetts.

Dr. Deussen is a recognized authority in everything pertaining to Hindu philosophy. This book is a systematic exposition of that Hindu Philosophy known as the Vedanta. The volume is like a combination of a work on metaphysics, theology and practical religion. *The book is not only the work of a great scholar, but that of a man who knows how to make things clear.*

The Continent: Chicago.

This is perhaps the most comprehenisve and best balanced presentation we have had of the Hindu system of religions, philosophy, called the Vedanta.

Springfield Republican: Massachusetts.

The author has attempted and accomplished an enormous task—an immense amount of material is collected and compressed into the space of the volume. The quoted portions of the Vedic text are clear and effective and the comments more than commonly readable for even the lay reader.

The Expository Time: London.

Professor Paul Deussen of Kied is one of the great students of Indian literature. His Upanishada has had a wide circulation.

In this book the name of Vedanta is applied to the theological-philosophical system, founded upon the Upanishads which may be called the Dogmatics of Brahmanism. The translation makes easy reading and yet it is reliable.

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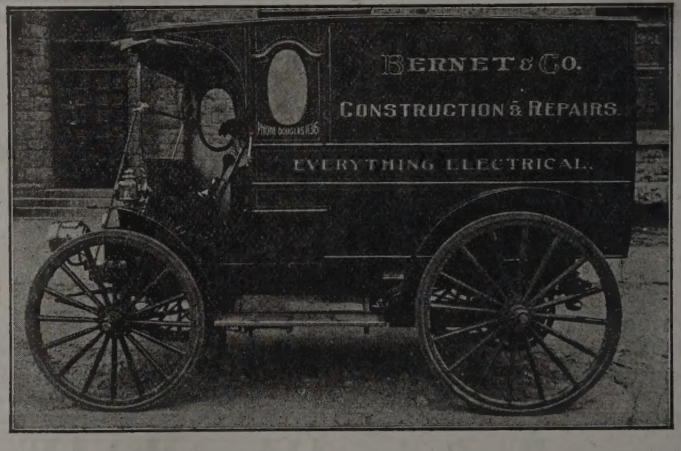

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